JUSTICE AVENGED.

Virginia and Kentucky Affirm the Law's Supremacy.

ASSASSINATIONS FOR PLUNDER.

Manley Kills "Scotch John" for a Silver Watch.

Tom Smith Shoots Joseph Braden Through the Head and Robs His Store.

IMPRISONMENT AND CONFESSIONS.

The Negroes Full of Prayers and Penitence.

Seven Handred Spectators View One Execution-Eight Thousand the Other.

Revival of All the Horrors of Public Hanging.

SPEECHES ON THE GALLOWS

Last Words and Acts Before a Death of Ignominy.

Words of Warning and Irresistible Temperance Lectures.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., March 28, 1873. Manley, a colored man, was hanged for the murder of John Monroe, on the night of the 5th of July last. The murder was one of much atrocity, and there was a feeling, not confined to any race, that Manley suffered cerned in the murder and of the circumstances surrounding it is but the gathering up of a sometimes light chat, but more frequently serious

THE VICTIM MONROE. John Monroe, the victim, had been an itinerant mender of clocks, traversing all this section of the country within the radius of thirty miles. He was haired and about five feet seven inches in height omewhat stooping in stature and shuming in gait. of his journeyings to and fro has mentioned to ne of those who were intimate with him that he kept, some thirty years ago, a watch and jewelry store on John street, in the city of New York, and afterwards in Brooklyn. His wife her, and soon drank to excess. His store passed out of his hands, and for twenty years he had been sading a vagabond life, making a precarrous ving among the old clocks of the tide-waterside illages of Virginia. He was addicted to large otations, but was never troublesome; the police ere bearing witness that though often in town he veillance. He had no friends, and though all who recollect him speak of his kindly disposition, but one person seemed to have taken within late years lightest personal interest in his affairs. He had been fortunate in enlisting the pity of his landlady, Mrs. Beach, a kind-hearted woman.

Charles Manley, the murderer, was about five feet ten in height and 180 pounds weight, had been his freedom while in the Union army; but since the close of the war he had never worked steadily at anything, had refused a dozen advantageous offers to go into the country, on a farm, but preally a little easy work and employing the rest of his time no one knew how. He had once, some months ago, shot at a man in camp meeting; but in Virginia now justice is often too tardy-gaited to be able to stride over county limits, or else, per-

Manley unhanged. SCOTCH JOHN IN "PETERSBURG." was familiarly called, returned to Alexandria from a tramp up the country, and made his home, as had not been successful on his tour and was subject to frequent melancholy, but made sufficient to feed him from hand to mouth. On the 4th of July he drank well in honor of the day, and was not entirely sober when he left his boarding house, the 5th of July. All the suburbs of the town were quite familiar to him, for it was only among the poorest class of the townspecple that he found his work. Wandering along the byways of the town he entered a colored settlement known in the local geography
as "Petersburg." The settlement itself has a cuclous history. When General Pope fell back in his "headquarters in the saddle" a large number of contrabands accompanied the army, and suddenly one morning the sides of a morass on the hilltops of the army had swallowed them. The marshy disthan a century. A hundred years ago the old House of Burgesses offered the land free taken and lost; tax sales innumerable attested that no taxes had ever been paid. The marsh and its environs, though hair circled by the out-skirts, was to the city as the Campagna to Rome— a waste where no one dare dwell, full of malaria that threatened all the dwellers in its neighborhood. But the negre women had no where else to tection, and with a little help from the quartermasters they dotted the marsh with shanties, and for them (with a church on the neighboring hill top), and have lived there ever since; some of the most industrious made comfortable cottages; others, idle and dissolute, have made a trouble-some class of neighbors for the town the stars as Roman brigands. To this outskirt, on the night of the 5th of July, Monroe took his road.

which the neighborhood call a collection of house between Petersburg and the paved portion of the

As the old clock-mender sat by the spring side there were gathered at a sheaty a short distance from the spring, and separated from it only by a hillock, William Payne, the father of the family, dead drunk; MaryiPayne and Charlotte Payne, worried and frightened; Lewis and Samuel Payne and Manley, anxious for money. Lewis Payne took the bucket and went to the spring, "What o'clock is it?" he asked, beginning to "chaff" the old clock-mender, whom he recognized. The old man pulled out his watch, the sliver glistened in the starlight, and Payne saw a way to get money. "It's too dark to see, but it's near eleven." Payne went back. The woman reports a hurried conversation between the trio. Legitimate weapon they had none. All that could be sold or pawned had gone down their throats in commemeration of the Fourth of July, but Manley took eld Payne's stick, Lewis Payne improvised a slung shot and, as for Samuel, he might find a weapon, if need be, in "the smooth stones of the broek," near the spring, where the unconscious old man sat, half saiden. In a short time the Payne sisters hear a noise at the spring and cries of "Marder." Mary Carrol, in another cabin, heard a tumult and distinguishable, the cries of the victim mingling with the music and shouts of the dancehouse on the other side of the hamlet. Both these women, as soon as they heard the noise, went in and locked themselves up, fearing that if there was trouble they "might catch it next." This was their only thought. Meanwhile the clockmender had begged in vain. Out in the head, beat in the arms, sides and abdomen, he fainted, and mistaken for dead, was threwn into a wet ditch, almost naked. His watch, hat, boots and the greater portien of his clothing were carried back to Payne's. To the victors belonged the spoil; and while Mary Carroli heard "groans down by the spring" Charlotte Payne listened to the braggadocio of Manley—"Thold my head up now"—"Or he had the clockmender's watch in his pocket, and saw himself aiready enjoying its price with his boon compani

"Thold my head up now"—for he had the clockmender's watch in his pocket, and saw himselaiready enjoying its price with his boon companions.

THE OLD MAN DEAD—HIS ASSASSIE ARRESTED.

It was lonely at the ditch where the old elockmender lay. He had indeed failen "among thieves,
who stripped him of his raiment and wounded
him and departed, leaving him half dead." Not
even a Levite passed, and when a man falls by the
wayside, now it is the pelice and not the Good
Samaritan that picks him up. Upon coming to
himself he found he was, as he afterwards expressed himself to the reporter, "left in a ditch to
suffer and die," and fearing he would be drowned
if a rain occurred dragged himself to the edge
of the ditch, the mud showing next morning
the marks of his bands. Soon after sunrise a woman, going to the spring, saw
him. Information was communicated to the police and the dying man litted into a wagon and carried to the house of Mrs. Beach, about a mile west,
where he boarded. There two physicians attended
him. These differed, as is customary, one testifying that the man's wound was made with a sharp
instrument and the other that it was made with a
blunt one. They did their best to save him; but the
negroes had aiready done their best to kill him,
and the negroes beat the doctors. Before he died,
however. Manley had been airrested. Lleutenant
Smith, of the police force, who has the reputation
of fearing neither man nor devil—watcher his
fears have ever been excited otherwise is
not stated—learned before seven o'clock
that Manley had married the daughter
of a very clever colored man named Gordon,
Evilence or the Kimse.

From him intelligence was gained that Manley
had come home the night previous under suspicious circumstances and was still asleep. Up stairs,
by the ladder way, Smith climbed softly. Manley
had come home the night previous under suspicious circumstances and was still asleep. Up stairs,
by the ladder way, Smith climbed softly. Manley
had come home the night previous under suspiciou

I'll kill you within ten steps, for I came here to kill you."

Hand over hand down the ladder the pair went, the policeman never taking his eye or his pistol point off Manley, and so he marched him, the crowd gathering as he went, to the station house. There the "nippers" secured what the revolver had conquered. The watch, stick and boots found with Manley were carried to the old clockmaker, and with his dying breath he recognized them as his, as the ones worn by him on the fatal night.

MANLEY'S TRIAL AND ENPENCE.

Many causes—the law's delay the chief among them—deferred the trial for months. Meanwhile information was brought that one of the fugitive Paynes lay at Arlington, and another had been tracked to Georgetown; but, tardy of foot, with short arm and impecunious, Justice had no means to hunt them down. So they are still at large. Manley's trial came on the 14th of January last, before the City Court, and eccupied but a single day. The testimony of the Payne girls, Mary Carroll, and of Lieutenant Smith, of the police, would probably have not been sufficient to remove the legal doubt; but when Gordon, Manley's lather-inlaw, was placed on the stand his evidence cast a light upon the other facts proven which insured conviction. The jury were out but a short time when they announced their verdict, declaring Man-

legal doubt; but when Gordon, Manley's lather-in-law, was placed on the stand his evidence cast a light upon the other facts proven which insured conviction. The jury were out but a short time when they announced their verdict, declaring Manley guilty. He gnashed his teeth and said to a bystander, "If I could kill that old father-in-law of mine they might put me in a cnestnut coffin." A few days afterwards he was sentenced to be hung on the 28th of March.

HIS BRUTAL CONDUCT IN PRISON.

After his conviction no attempt was made to obtain a new trial, a relaxation of his sentence, or even a reprieve. His sentence was left to be executed, without impediment, upon the day fixed by the Court. For weeks his demeanor alternated between defiance and apathy. On one occasion, while the prisoners in the jail were in the corridor together, one of them "played crazy," and began to tear off the clothes of another.

"Take hold of him, Manley," said Turnkey Cline. "Pm no damn lool," said Manley.

"I won't and nobody else shall," growled Manley, and seeing the turnkey advancing on the simulated linatic he moved towards the turnkey. In an instant the turnkey had faced him, with the heavy jail key (a model of the keys of the Bastile which hangs at Mount Vernon), and Manley retreated to the wail.

About a week since the keeper entered the corridor and found that Manley had used three bed slats, making a combined lever of them, and had forced open his cell door several inches. He continued his attempt, though well aware the turnkey was looking at him.

"Stop that!"

"I'll be d—d if I do."

"Now, what is the use of it? If you got the door open I'd shoot you before you could escape."

"I'd on't care—shoot!"

"If you don't stop I'll have to iron you around the waist and chain you to the floor," said the turnkey.

Well, go on; bring out your chains!" yelled Manley.

Well knowing that the iron door would not yield, and not desiring to act hastily, the Sheriff, Captain Shewart, who has charge of the jail, was called by the turnkey, who t

do you?

MANLEY—No; I'll not destroy anybody's things;
with which moral determination he drew in his bed
slats, put them back and went and sat down on his

with which moral determination he drew in his bed slats, put them back and went and sat down on his bedside.

From that time he has been more docile. For awhile he had been insensible to religious impressions, but now consented that the Rev. Mr. Madden, a colored minister, might be sent for. The ministrations of the spiritual adviser and the approach of doom sobered Maniey exceedingly; but his religious condition did not satisfy his friends until last Sunday. The Young Men's Christian Association Committee held prayer meetings in the jail every Sabbath afternoon. Last Sunday, there was a pause in the exercises, and one of the committee—Mr. Whittlesey, late a contestant for a seat in Congress—proposed ten minutes of silent prayer. Scarcely three minutes of the silence had passed when Maniey burst into a wild, loud, but half articulate prayer, conceived in words far above the ordinary standard of his conversation, and vehement with passionate entreaty.

"It was," said a bystander, "as if his soul was surging to his lips." The suddenness of his improvisation astonished his hearers, and produced a profound impression. One of the auditory, a city minister, declared that the inspiration of his language was evidence of his "conversition," and after that Manley went up in the esteem of many good religious people.

THE SCAPPOLD.

which is modelled after one used in executions in Tuolumne county, Califernia, where Captain Stewart, the present city sergeant of Alexandria, was Sherif, was manufactured at a carriage shop here. When it was completed the crowd which daily pressed into the shop to see it was so great that the coachmaker was forced to bar his doors. The jail yard in which the execution took place has not witnessed a similar scene since 1857, when "Jennie," a negro woman, who held Mrs. Hull, her decrepit mistress, upon the fire until she bursed to death, was executed, The jail is a two-story brick building, and the yard a square-shaped enclesure, 120 by 180 feet, surrounded by a brick wall filteen feet high. The

respondent of the New York Herald would take and publish whatever statement he desired to make. He expressed a wish to see him, and was brought by the turnkey into the common room of the prison heavily ironed. His appearance spoke well for the jail fare, for he was ten pounds heavier than at the time of his trial. Evidences of terror were marked on every muscle, and, as his mouth quivered and his limbs shook, the big brawsy fellow gave one the impression of a man made of jelly. In the course of conversation he made the following statement, which, it will be perceived, differs somewhat from the facts stated above, which were proved on the trial:

I was born at Arcais, Loudon county, Va.; served in the late war in the First District of Columbia colored regiment (Colonel Holman), and in Captain Pollard's company, and was bonorably discharged at the end of the war. My discharge is home now. On the day of the hemicide I had just come down the canal where I had been working on the canal boat Major Elmore, Captain McMaster, and feil in with Lewis and Samuel Payne and went round with them. All of us drank a good deal. When I came out of Payne's that night, in company with Lewis and Sam Payne, there were two men lying down by the spring. Sam Payne said to them, "Get up!" One of them got up and ranger up and ranger and the cold man befere. Just as I looked Lewis Payne strike the old man with a stick. I had never seen the old man befere. Just as I looked Lewis Payne struck at him with a razor. I said, "Don't cut him," and ran back, knocked Lewis Payne's arm so that the "swipe" he made, instead of cutting the man, cut out his vest by the pocket. If you get the vest yeu can see the cut. The Payne's the house early in the morning and we wont back to keep and told me they would come over to my house early in the morning and we could all go of to Georgetown together.

Reperense—What made the wound in the head of Montoe?

Manlar—It was the tin bex that he carried his tools in; they took that box and struck his head

Monroe?

MANLEY—It was the tin bex that he carried his tools in; they took that box and struck his head with the corner of it.

REFORTER—But one of the Payne girls says that when you got back to the house you said, "Now I hold my head up." What were you bragging on them?

hold my nead up." while work we had all day—
then?
MANLEY—Oh! that was a saying we had all day—
"I hold up my head if my belly drags the ground;"
but I blot eat the last part, because there were

but I blot out the last part, because there were women there.

No other fact was mentioned, but Manley, just as the reporter was about leaving, called him back and said, "I want you to be witness that if my wife marries again or ill-treats my child I give my child to Mr. Cline, here" (the turnkey), and the uniortunate man shuffled and trembled along the corridor to his cell.

He has a brother now in the Penitentiary for highway robbery of an old milkman.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

This morning Manley arose at his usual time, breakfasted heartily and attired himself in the suit he was married in. His wife and a number of friends and relatives called, and several persons to whom he was attached came early to bid him farewell. The most touching scene of the whole of his imprisonment, and perhaps the tenderest of his life, was his parting with the little son of Mr. Cline, the jailor, who had been very kind to him. About an hour and a half before the time appointed for the execution a prayer meeting was opened in a corridor of the jail, Manley, with his wife and child, occupying a bench close against the wail, and the Rev. Messrs. Cook, Madden and Marshall, colored corridor of the jail, Manley, with his wife and child, eccupying a bench close against the wail, and the Rev. Messrs. Cook, Madden and Marshall, colored ministers, with ten or twelve members of the Christian Association, standing up around him. The exercises consisted of exhortations, prayers and hymns. The key note of the meeting was the certain salvation of the doomed man. Manley declared that he felt that he was going home; that the Lord Jesus had told him not to fear. There was in all the exhortations and prayers that spoke of him a tone of confidence which sometimes touched ecstacy. The thief on the cross with the words in his ear, "Thus day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," was set as a picture of him, and the heavens were bid bend down and take him up, and he was pointed in expectancy to

Shake glad hands on the shores of eternal bliss.

to me. All farewell! I am going to Jesus."

The City Sergeant (Stewart) then placed Manley on the drop. He stood upright and without the slightest sign of faitering, saying to the Sergeant while the noose was being adjusted about his neck. "Don't bury me until to-morrow." Deputy Ward drew the black cap over his eyes, and at thirty-eight minutes past twelve the drop fell. He died instantly. The fall was seven feet, and the physicians in attendance say that he suffered but for an instant. The shoulders were once drawn up and the form hung motionless for twenty-two minutes, when it was lowered into a plain pine com, which had been placed by the side of the saufold before the execution. The crowd, some seven hundred, having witnessed the execution, separated. The sentence of the law had been carried out.

HANGED IN PUBLIC.

Tom Smith Executed Outside the City of Louis ville, Ky., in the Presence of 8,000 Persons, for the Murder of Joseph Braden-A Confession Under the Gallows.

On the evening of the 10th of May, 1871, the wife of Joseph Braden, a small storekeeper on the Salt House road, near this city, returning home after a short absence, found lying behind the counter the In the crowd that immediately collected was the negro, Tom Smith, who had been hanging around the vicinity for several days before. Nothing at the time directed suspicion toward him; but it was afterward remembered that he was the last person ered, and a warrant was procured for his arrest. In the meantime, however, he had been arrested in the latter charge, but was immediately rearrested on the charge of murder.

ROBBERY WITH MURDER.

After the murder of Braden it was discovered that besides a small amount of money there had been taken from the store two pistols of peculiar pattern, and one of these pistols was found in the possession of Smith. Upon his trial subsequently store with Braden by the last customer, who had seen the murdered man alive. Smith was then in small country settlements, kept a "miscellan eous" stock of goods, among which was all varie-ties of alcohol. Smith was afterward seen by a passer by to come to the door and again return inside. From the position of the body as it lay it was evident that Braden was taking from the shelves a bolt of calico when he was shot, the ball passing directly through his brain.

AT THE TRIAL the evidence was almost absolutely direct as to the guilt of Smith, and he was sentenced to be hung. The case was carried to the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, but the judgment of the lower Court was affirmed, and a subsequent application to the Governor for a pardon was refused. Last Winter there was almost a smallpox epidemic in this city, and the disease found its way into the jall. By a singular coincidence it attacked three condemned the pest house, and the illness of each terminated fatally. This seems to have suggested to Smith a to a successful issue. In some way he secured a quantity of croton oil, which he applied to his face and body, and an eruption was produced very similar, to a not too close observer, to smallpox pustules in their primary form. There disease, and the jail physician, after a hurried and cursory examination, pronounced the case one of smallpex, and ordered the removal of Smith to

but after wandering about for several days was recaptured within a few hundred yards of the

scene of the murder, whither he had been attracted by a strange fascination. During the first months of his confinement, and, indeed, until it became evident that the sentence of the Court would be carried into execution, Smith was a most insolent and defiant prisoner; but last Wednesday, after a probation of several weeks, during which time he had appeared much subdued and very penitent, he was baptized the attending clergyman was administering the bread and wine of the sacrament the stoicism of the cendemned man, until then firmly preserved, began to give way, and he wept freely. At the conclusion of the ceremony the prisoner turned to those standing around and said that he had some remarks to make. After expressing his resigna-tion at the late so soon to overtake him, he pro-tested his innocence of the crime with which he was charged. He was interrupted several times man and that some day his innocence would be proved; that the witnesses who had sworn against him had been bought, and that the pistol referred

all day Wednesday, and earnestly requested of the jailer that one of the prisoners should be allowed to occupy the same cell with him. The jailer assented to this and assigned an old negro, name Fry, charged with the murder of his wife, as a inclined to sleeping with a man whose near fate might be his own at no distant day, and feigned a the jailer's order. A half-crazy negro, also charged

HIS LAST DAY.

Tem Smith, after every effort to save him had the Commons, near this city. Up to the very mothe gallows he had hoped for a reprieve, but in response to a despatch sent by his attorneys this morning the Governor telegraphed back that he must decline to interfere and that the sentence must

sponse to a despatch sent by his attorneys this morning the Governor telegraphed back that he must decline to interfere and that the sentence must be carried into effect. An attempt was made last night to secure a private execution within the jail yard, but the Sherif believed it to be his duty to follow the precedent of former executions in this State and decided that the condemmed must be hanged in public. Accordingly the gallows was erected last night in a large vacant space just outside the limits of the city, and there, at twenty-five minutes past moon to-day Tom Smith was hanged in the presence of an immense assemblage. The procession was announced to start from the jail door at eleven o'clock, but long before that hour the space before the prison was packed with a surging crowd. At five minutes before eleven o'clock the condemned man was notified that he must prepare to start.

AN IMPROMPTU PRISONERS' PRAYER MEETING. There are many negro prisoners confined in the jail and these organized a prayer meeting, which the jail and these organized a prayer meeting, which the jail and these organized a prayer meeting, which the jail and these organized a prayer meeting, which the jail and these organized a prayer meeting, which the jail and these organized a prayer meeting, which the jail and these organized a prayer meeting, which the jail and these organized a prayer meeting, which the jail and these organized as a sea leaving the hall the negroes commenced chanting a strange, well are training to songs of the golemn and thrilling minors peculiar to songs of the rock.

PROCESSION TO THE UPBLIC SCAPPOLD.

The prisoner was placed in an open wagon or vandawn by two sturdy gray mules and surrounded by a cordon of thirty police. With him were his two spiritual advisors, one a colored man. The Sheriff and several deputies and Dr. Thomas Grifths were in another van, with whom were reporters of the city press and the detectives and civilians who had been granted tickets of admission to the gallows have a plain of the p

ored minister, who sat on either side of him. As he approached the place of execution he became more composed.

ARRIVING AT THE GALLOWS

(which was a plain, strong structure, erected in the centre of a large plain, and at a distance from the city limits of perhaps half a mile), the two mules were driven within the enclosure made by the circle of ropes and guarded from the crowding thousands by a strong force of police. The prisoner, accompanied by the two ministers, officers and reporters, mounted the platform with a firm step and took his place in a chair provided for him. His arms and legs were then bound by a strong cord, and here the hope of life, which, until then, must have been strong within him, seemed to have abandoned him forever. He groaned and rocked his body to and fro, praying God to forgive him. Up to this moment he had persisted in maintaining his innocence of the murder.

Calling his lawyers, the two ministers and the Sheriff to him and requesting that the platform be cleared of all else, he made a full statement of the crime, confessing his goilt and implicating a white man named Larry Isom and a negro named Bellas with him. At the time of the murder their purpose was robbery. He killed Braden and the other two shared the booty with him. In a previous statement he had confessed to having escaped from a Tennessee prison to which he had been sent for burglary. Having made this full confession he addressed the crowd, asking forgiveness of all men and exhorting taose present to take warning by his just fate. The widow of the murdered man was sitting in her carriage just in iron to it he gallows and looked steadily at all the preparations and never blanched.

PLAGING THE NOOSE—THE LAST ACT.

At last, the fatal moment having arrived. Smith was told to stand up, and the nose was put about his neck by Sheriff Shanks, the black cap was pulled ever his forchead and he was told that his hour had come. All present there then shock hands with him, the cap was drawn down over his face, and a deputy sheriff,

THE BROOKLYN MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

The fifteenth annual report of the Mercantile Library Association, just presented by the board of directors, is a most satisfactory exhibit of the ing the past year is over 3,600. The drafts upon the book fund for the year 1872 amounted to \$5,600, and the unexpended balance of the fund is \$13,428. A subscription is now fund is \$12,428. A subscription is now on foot to prepare a thoroughly classified analytical catalogue, and it is proposed to raise from \$15,000 to \$20,000. When this money is raised additional shelving facilities will be obtained, and a few other necessary improvements will be made. The circulation last year reached 121,313. The number of books daily consulted or read in the library reaches an average of not less than one handred volumes. This swells the actual total circulation te more than one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, or an average of nerly five hundred daily. The fact that the labor of the librarian, Mr. S. B. Noyes, and his assistants, is severe, will pe apparent to the reader.

ANOTHER MURDER.

Woman Beaten to Death in Washington Street Last Evening.
Catharine Kirwan was found lying on the floor of her room, at 61 Washington street, yesterday afternoon, in an insensible condition, by the police of the Twenty-seventh precinct, and Ferris. Upon examining the body of the woman the physicians at the hospital discovered

received internal hurts sufficient to cause death

Every effort was made to restore her to con

couple of hours after she was placed in the hospi-

tal. When first taken up by the police she was very much under the influence of liquor. From this she partially recovered before she died, but nothing could be elicited from her relative She asked distinctly for a priest, and shortly get some intelligence of the afray from her, but a slight movement of the lip was all he could distinguish. Detective intelligence of the affray some intelligence of the affray from but a slight movement of the lips her, but a slight movement of the lips was all he could distinguish. Detective Finnerty, who was in the neighborhood of 61 Washington street when the first notice of the affair was given, went into the house, accompanied by Sergeant Lonsdale, and questioned the other immates in regard to the condition of the woman, but their statements were very contradictory. Some said the Kirwan family was a very quiet one, others that they were most bolsterous; but all concurred in the informatien that Mrs. Kirwan was not a sober person. The officers then went in search of the husband, and he was found on his way to the station house to inquire after his wife. He says that he was nowhere near the house at the time the woman was beaten, and he can prove satisfactorily his whereabouts. He says he went to work yesterday morning as usual, and returned to dinner at one o'clock. Minding his wife and another woman in the room drunk, he helped himself to seme lood and went away again. Returning to his home a second time, about six o'clock in the evening, he was told that Mrs. Kirwan had-been taken to the station house, and he was on his way there when the officers met him and took him into custody. Several people in the house told Captain Ferris last night that Mrs. Kirwan had been going about the house on the stairs and landings during the day, and that, as was usual with her, she was drinking. The house itself is one of those filthy, crowded barracks that are so numerous in all the thickly populated districts of the city, and Mrs. Kerwan was not the only immate of the den whose habits were in a high degree uncertain. Captain Ferris is of opinion that Kirwan had nothing to do with the immediate murder of his wife. He may have beaten her at some previous time and her death may have been caused by the effects of the injuries given her, helped on by the power of whiskey. But if the immediate reason of death was a beating received yesterday it must have been at he hands of some other person than the husband. The wounds are too severe t

FIENDISH MURDER.

A Woman Slaughtered by Her Husband, Fire-The Murderer At Large.
COLUMBIA, S. Cr. March 28, 1873.

Intelligence that a most horrible murder was committed on the "Neck" portion of Warren county, Georgia, by a man named Ed. Clark, upon the body of his own wife, has just been received here. The report states that this flend struck the woman a terrific blow with a monster-sized iron ladie on the back part of the head, fracturing it and making a fearful gash three inches in length. He then piled the chairs and tables over her lifeless body, and, setting fire to them, took one of his children in his arms and made his escape. The fire burned through the floor, and the body of the unfortunate woman fell to the ground and was pierced through and through by the falling of a partly burned sail. The ragged end of the sill tore the intestines out of the lifeless body. The youngest of the children, which the flend let in the burning building with its mother, was badly burned.

The greatest indignation prevails among the people where the loul deed occurred, but every emort to capture the fend had proved fruitless. A description of him will be published over the State, and it is to be hoped it may lead to his speedy arrest, conviction and execution.

A WOMAN CHARGED WITH POISONING HER

CHICAGO, Ill., March 28, 1878. Yesterday, in Loraine, Adams county, Ill., Annie Adair was arrested on a charge of having poisoned her husband, who died suddenly in January last and with whom sne lived unhapplly. The body of Adair has been exhumed, and the stomach will be examined by chemists.

A TENNESSEE BOTHER'S TRACIC DEATH.

She is Taken from Her Red by Robbers and Hanged on a Rog Gallows-The House Robbed and the Murderers Es-

of the marder of a Mrs. Housden on the previous night, at her house, on the Nolensville pike, nine miles from that city, it is supposed by robbers, who

Mrs. Housden was a widow, having an only son, who was married and lived at her house. Not long before night he went to Mill Creek to fish, leaving his mother and wife at home. His wife says that hersell and mother-in-law retired for the night and went to sleep. She had not been asleep very long before she was awakened by the screams of her mother-in-law. She immediately got up, saw the door open, but did not see her mother-in-law. She hen ran over to a Mr. Barnes' house, from two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards distant, and told Mr. Barnes that there was somebody over at the house; that she had not seen anybody, but from the screams of her mother-in-law she supposed some one must be in the house. Mr. Barnes came down to the road which separates their places and there met Mr. Robert H. Patterson, who, having heard the screams of Mrs. Heusden, came down with his gun for the purpose of rendering her every assistance possible. They then proceeded to the house, Barnes the house have been though the house it was many to have the proceeded to the house, Barnes the house had been thrown off the mattress and were lying upon the foor. They then instituted a scarch about the house and premises for Mrs. Housden, but failed to find her. They had concluded to give up the scarch, after repeatedly hallooing for her, and had started toward the spring, in going away, when they were greatly astonished to find one of her garments. This was the only cive they had discovered as to the direction she had been taking, and they followed the path to the spring, where they were astounded to find her hung to a gallows which had been used by the Housden's for the hanging of hogs after they had been killed. Yesterday morning the large tracks of a bare-footed man were found leading from the house to the place where Mrs. Housden had been cut down and covered with a quit. Her feet were entirely free from mud, and this set leaves to her many the had

AMUSEMENTS.

Steinway Hall-The Wagner Concert A great many people in Europe and America to go to Bayreuth, in Bavaria, next to hear Richard Wagner's opera, the tickets, season and otherwise, are placed at s very high figure, and the Trilogy, as this big work is styled, will prove quite a chateau en Espagne for many of those who effect to hear it. To avoid this uncerts of the Wagnerian type, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to paying the expenses of the members of the association to the Bayreuth festival. One of these concerts took place at Steinway not sufficiently appreciate Wagner or mismanage-ment has been at work, for the attendance was un tion to "Lohengrin," overture to "Faust," scenes from "Die Walktire" and the "Kaiser March." Mr. will grant him; an irrepressible pamphlet writer; a man who combines the most intimate knowledge of the arcana of oreheatral effects with the talent of squabbles over his peculiar theories than ever did Dr. Jacobi, and finally a complete master in the

"The Flying Dutchman" in its overture is a pretty fair example of orthodoxy, which the com-The overture is decidedly Meyerbeerish, distorted and exaggerated, it is true, but nevertheless bearing the signs of the earliest benefactor of Wagner, we regard the Vorepiel to "Lonengrin" as one of the grandest works of the composer. "Lohengrin" marks the climax of the aspiring thoughts of Wagner. There is a fixed idea in it, not that eternal change of themes, perpetual sgitation and boisterous display that we find generally in the school of the luture. There is se much grandeur and sublime thought in "Lohengrin" that it dispenses with the necessity of an audience of mystic musicians. In the interpretation of Wagner's music there is required in addition to the ordinary orchestra quite an assortment of wood, brass and percussion—the acme of sonorous instrumentation. But listening to the "Faust" overture and "Die Wakure," we were irresistibly led to a belief in the old adage, "Beaucous de brutt, peu de fruit." There is no spontanisty in this music; mannerism and mechanism form its principal ingredients. Few audiences want metaphysics or philosophy in music. They prefer the good old schools where melody and harmony are in just accord.

this music; mannerism and mechanism form its principal ingredients. Few audiences want metaphysics or philosophy in music. They prefer the good old schools where melody and harmony are in just accord.

It would be unfair to judge Wagner too harshly in his defects, were it not for the fierce advocacy of his dootrines by his disciples. They will not consent to any spots en their sun, and other star gazers can only be stubborn in their reasonable ideas. This Wagnerism in music is becoming dangerous in its tendencies to subvert all existing theories. We do not entertain for a moment such revolutionary ideas in music for fear of losing our faith in Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn. The Wagneriam movement is, to say the least, unhealthy, and, although we grant this leveller, this musical communist, the credit of an extraordinary knowledge of instrumentation, we cannot at the same time subscribe to his now-langled notions of melody and harmony.

The subservience of the voice to the orchestra in Wagner's school was sufficiently shown in the selection sung by Mr. Remmertz. The introduction to "Wotan's Fareweil" was not only instrumentally boisterous, but it brought very queer modulations for the voice, so much so that at times if was hard to tell whether the singer was in tune or not. But the beautiful laryhetto theme, "langsam," was interpreted by Mr. Remmertz with intelligence and expression. Here he had an opportunity of musical phrasing and deep feeling which he did not lose.

Mr. Thomas did a cruel thing in regard to Wagner last night. He sandwiched the "Heroic Symphony" of Beethoven, that grandest of all orchestral works, between the compositions of the modern potentate. It served as a contrast very unfavorable indeed to Wagner; for on one side we had genius, on the other clever mechanism, but nothing but mechanism. Regarding the orchestral performance it is only necessary to say that Thomas unrivalled orchestra played at their best. Take, for instruments place Thomas' orchestra first in this country. Last night they g

written for him of the dialectic kind, in which he is to sustain an original Dutch character.

with considerable success at Chicago. The piece has three remarkable incidents—a scene at Long Branch, an English Lord and a jealous he

lack's. The farce, which represents Dundreary married, with all his relatives living upon him, will follow the performance of "David Garrick," Mr. Sothern taking the Dundreary part, as a matter of

The fact that New Zealand is included among the places to be visited by Mr. Lester Wallack dur-ing his reported professional tour seems to throw cold water on the announcement of the London Era. If the New Zealanders want to see Mr. Wal-

The programme for Theodore Thomas' symphon concert this evening, printed in the business col-umns of the HERALD, is of the usual high character. Mr. Thomas has done so much for music in New York that his symphony concerts, which are his own in the most marked degree, are deserving of public patronage on double grounds—their excellence and the respect which is Mr. Thomas' due.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN CANADA.

A Mail Train Thrown Down an Embankment-Six Persons Injured.

PORT HOPE, Ont., March 28, 1873, An accident occurred to the mail train bound to Orilla, on the Midland Railroad, last night. As the train approached this place the rear car broke the coupling and turned over down an embankment, a distance of twelve feet. Six passengers were injured, Dr. Dewar and Mr. Davis, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., very seriously about the head and face. Mr. Preston, of Manvers, received a flesh wound in the leg and other slight injuries. The accident was caused by a broken rail.

A NEW YORK CRIMINAL'S SUICIDE AT SEA. The following strange letter, written by a fellowcriminal to the editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, describes the suicide of George O'Con-

criminal to the editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, describes the suicide of George O'Connor, a New York criminal:—

Sin—My mind has been so troubled over an affair which I witnessed, that by the advice of my friends I have been requested to write the particulars for you to publish or not, as you see fit. I will state, first, that I have been a prisoner at the State Frison; still what I am going to tell you is the naked truth. I have been working at Los Angeles for the past four mouths as weiter in the San Francisco restaurant. About the let of February a young man came into the restaurant whom I thought I had seen before, and I spoke to him. I then found out that it was George O'Gonnor, who was at the State Prison at the same time I was a prisoner. He stayed there a few days working for a livery stable, cleaning harness, when we left for san Francisco on the steamer Orizaba, he giving the name of George Sunny and I a different name to my own. Well, while often taking about the chances of being again arrested and sent to prison, remarking that death was better. He said that if he were dead it would save others from going to prison, and that he was hunted from New York and from everywhere cise like a fox. We continued talking on the port side of the vessel them and the said goodby, and before I knew what he meant threw himself out of the gang way, where they take in baggage and freight. I was so irightened that I knew mot what to say or do. I thought if I made an alarm they might say that I had thrown him overboard, and knowing that it would be an easy matter to send me back to prison I did not say anything. I thought I would go to his mad and horrid death. He tout me had just come back from New York, where he had let his wife, i will further state that, although convicted of the crime of houseweaking, I was pardoned by George Now all I ask of you, ar, wit you don't want to publish these facts, to publish a notice of his death, and then my mind will be easy. I can assure you that the above is the truth, so he